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HAROLD ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York.

HOME

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

T. W. ROBERTSON

NEW AMERICAN EDITION, CORRECTLY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORIZED ACTING EDITION, WITH THE ORIGINAL CASTS OF THE CHARACTERS, ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE SETTING, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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HOME.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Haymarket, London, Jan. 14th, 1869.	*Wallack's, New York. Dec. 8th, 1873.*
ALFRED DORRISON (*passing under the name of "Colonel John White."*)	Mr. Sothern.	Mr. Lester Wallack.
CAPT. MOUNTRAFFE	Mr. Compton.	Mr. E. Arnott.
MR. DORRISON	Mr. Chippendale.	Mr. J. Gilbert.
BERTIE THOMPSON	Mr. R. Astley.	Mr. W. R. Floyd.
SERVANTS TO DORRISON	Messrs. Johnson and James.	
MRS. PINCHBECK	Miss Ada Cavendish.	Miss Katharine Rodgers.
LUCY DORRISON	Miss Ione Burke.	Miss Effie Germon.
DORA THORNHAUGH	Miss Carôline Hill.	Miss Kate Bartlett.

TIME OF PERFORMANCE.—TWO HOURS.

Between ACTS I and II occurs a lapse of two months; between ACTS II and III a lapse of twelve hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALFRED DORRISON having run away from home when a mere lad, returns from America after a lapse of seventeen years to find his baby sister grown up to young womanhood engaged to BERTIE THOMPSON, and his father about to marry MRS. PINCHBECK, a handsome widow living in the neighborhood. Not knowing how he would be received in his own person, ALFRED had brought a letter from himself introducing himself to his father as COL. JOHN WHITE. Determined to save his father from the misfortune of an ill assorted second marriage, and fearing to arouse MRS. PINCHBECK'S suspicions if known to be the long lost son, he adopts this *alias*, presents the letter of introduction to his father and is cordially

welcomed and presented in turn to MRS. PINCHBECK, whose face is familiar, and to her brother CAPTAIN MOUNTRAFFE, an unprincipled adventurer.

COL. WHITE, on looking up MRS. PINCHBECK'S record, finds his suspicions confirmed by the discovery that she is an adventuress pushed on by her scoundrel of a brother. To rescue his father from the fatal fascination of this woman who would be a curse and misery to him, and finding it necessary to fight her with her own weapons, he writes another letter to the elder DORRISON, from himself in America, which tells that "White" is but the assumed name of a rich German count who, for sentimental reasons, desires to pass as a poor soldier that he may find a woman who will love him for himself alone. COL. WHITE'S design is that MRS. PINCHBECK shall see the letter and set her cap for himself as a greater catch, thus opening the elder DORRISON'S eyes to the folly of his projected marriage. Meanwhile an attachment has sprung up between ALFRED and DORA THORNHAUGH, an inmate of his father's house. MRS. PINCHBECK falls into the snare, reads the bogus letter and, alive to the superior advantages of a marriage with the supposed count, is completely deceived by his sham addresses. But the COLONEL'S fervid declaration is interrupted by the sudden appearance of the elder DORRISON, LUCY and DORA, who overhear all. MRS. PINCHBECK repudiates him, DORA is contemptuous, and DORRISON orders the COLONEL out of the house for his apparent treachery. Stung with the complete failure of his scheme for opening his father's eyes, ALFRED is about to take his departure when DORA returns, having learned the true state of affairs, and is reconciled to him. But she has to fly to a hiding place at the sudden entrance of MRS. PINCHBECK, dressed for a journey and determined to accompany the COLONEL who has unwittingly won the woman's heart in spite of her ambition. The elder DORRISON appears just in time to hear his *fiancée* declare her love for the COLONEL and her intention of going with him; and infuriated at the outrage he seems to have suffered, DORRISON rushes wildly at the COLONEL, which precipitates the disclosure that the latter is his long lost son.

MR. DORRISON'S eyes are now fully opened and he gives ALFRED *carte blanche* to adjust matters as he may deem best. The latter easily settles MOUNTRAFFE. MRS. PINCHBECK shows that she is not really a designing woman but, instead, the victim of circumstances and an unprincipled brother; she departs really penitent and followed by the sincere regard of the family she had so nearly wronged. The elder DORRISON is completely cured of his infatuation; BERTIE and LUCY settle their affair happily; and the COLONEL and DORA determine to pass their honeymoon at HOME.

COSTUMES.

"COLONEL WHITE" (Alfred Dorrison)—*Act I;* Black, or dark hair, rather close, light brown moustache and goatee, as worn by military officers during our war. Black frock-coat, light trousers, black high hat, gloves. *Act II;* The goatee removed, and the moustache trimmed; hair a little longer. Gray trousers, walking coat of brown velvet, low crown black, hard felt hat. *Act III;* Black coat, dark trousers.

CAPTAIN MOUNTRAFFE.—*Act I;* Close crop, black wig, rather after the pugilist's fashion; short bristling black moustache. Black riding hat, light riding-trousers, dark velvet riding-coat, fancy waist-coat, figured shirt with colored collar, showy scarf, and pin of a gold fox-hunting whip with enamel lash, or of a similar sporting design. *Act II;* Smoking-cap, and flowered-pattern dressing-gown. *Act III;* The same.

MR. DORRISON.—White wig. Black coat, light vest and trousers, eye-glass hanging by black ribbon. Flower in button hole.

BERTIE THOMPSON.—Walking-dress, hat.

SERVANTS.—In plain livery.

MRS. PINCHBECK.—All her dresses are in the height of fashion. *Act I;* Body and skirt of different colors, train, hair fashionably arranged. *Act II;* House dress; hair rather plain, dark shoes, corresponding in color with her dress. A black mantel for her last entrance. *Act III;* Black velvet dress, trimmed and edged with black silk, and a few jet beads. Brooch and earings, jet and gold. Wedding ring worn all through the piece.

LUCY DORRISON, DORA THORNHOUGH.—Fashionable house dresses. Cloaks for them in *Act II.*

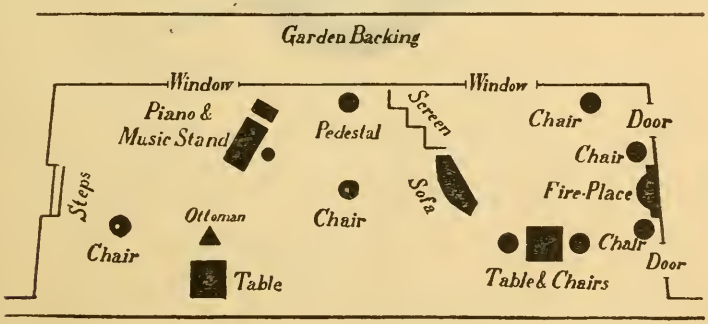
PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Handbell on table, R. C. Sheets of music on piano and music stand. Letter for COL. WHITE. Tray with luncheon, decanter, glasses, claret jug and silver tankard. Letter for LUCY. Flower and letter for MR. DORRISON. Gong outside. Cigars in case, and matches for MOUNTRAFFE.

ACT II.—Miniature case with ring, and photograph for COL. WHITE. Music book for DORA. Book for Mrs. PINCHBECK. Gun for MR. DORRISON. Lighted candle for MOUNTRAFFE. Writing materials on table L. Umbrella for BERTIE. Lightning and rain, R. U. E. Explosion, as for gun-discharge, off R. U. E.

ACT III.—Sunset effect, R. U. E. Jelly in saucer, with spoon. Pistol case and horse whip for COL. WHITE. Cane for BERTIE. Blank cheque for COL. WHITE. Locket for MRS. PINCHBECK.

STAGE SETTING AND SCENE PLOT.



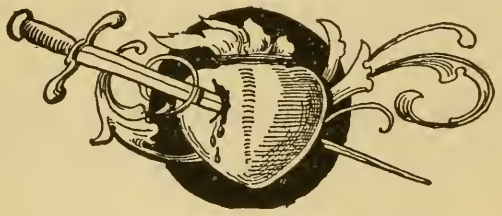
SCENE.—Drawing-room boxed in 3 G. Garden backing in 4 G. Windows to floor, with curtains, R. and L. in flat. Doors L. 1 E. and L. 3 E. Fire-place and mantel L. 2 E. Large open French window R. 2 E., with curtains drawn aside, leading by two steps to conservatory. Glass wall of conservatory leading off, R. 3 E. Table and two chairs L. Sofa R. of table. Table and ottoman R. C. Pedestal, with statuette, C., against flat. Piano and music-stand up R. C. Screen up L. C. Chairs R. and C. Three chairs L. Portrait of a lady over fire-place. On mantel, clock, candle-sticks with candles, vases, etc. Carpet down. Rug at fire-place. *In Act II*, the table R. C. is shifted to R., and the ottoman to R. C., transversely to the audience.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

In observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. R., means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or back scene; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; C. D., centre door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves; UP STAGE, towards the back; DOWN STAGE, towards the audience.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

NOTE.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright.





HOME.

ACT I.

Scene.—*Drawing-room looking on garden,* R.—*the room altogether handsomely furnished*—LUCY *discovered seated on a sofa,* L. C., *holding a note.*

Lucy. (*agitated*) It's past twelve. What can it mean? (*reading*) "Will come in by the kitchen garden when I have watched your papa out." (*looking from window*) There he is! There's my Bertie! (*kissing her hand*) He's standing on the gate! He sees me! Now he's tumbled down and hurt himself! Poor fellow! I know he's bruised. That nasty gate to go and let him fall! Why, he's coming in at the window and not at the door! What does this mean? (**enter** BERTIE *from* R. *window, limping*) Bertie!

Ber. Lucy! (*they squeeze hands;* BERTIE *sits on ottoman,* R., *and hides his face in his hands*) All is over!

Lucy. Have you hurt yourself so much, then? I saw you fall.

Ber. It isn't that.

Lucy. What then?

Ber. I am forbidden the house.

Lucy. What?

Ber. Your father has forbidden me the house.

Lucy. For what reason?

Ber. Yesterday, when you and Dora were out——

Lucy. Yes.

Ber. Mamma told him her mind.

Lucy. About Mrs. Pinchbeck?

Ber. Yes.

Lucy. (*falling into chair,* C.) Oh, Bertie!

Ber. And they had a row, an awful row, the sort of row old friends have when they do row, and your pa told me he would not have me here any more. (*starting up, kneels at her feet and clasps her hands*) Lucy, do you love me?

Lucy. Bertie!

Ber. We shall never be married.

Lucy. Oh, Bertie!

Ber. We are doomed to part.

Lucy. No, Bertie, we are not. You know, dear, we can always run away.

Ber. So we can. (*rises*) That's some comfort. But how are we to get the money?

Lucy. (*rises*) The money will come of itself. When two people love each other it always comes right at last.

Ber. But I shan't be able to see you. (*walks about*)

Lucy. Yes, you will.

Ber. How—when—where?

Lucy. Somehow—sometime—somewhere!

Ber. You'll always love me then?

Lucy. Always.

Ber. Devotedly?

Lucy. Fondly.

Enter SERVANT *showing in* COLONEL WHITE, L. U. E.

Ber. Truly?

Col. (L. C.) I beg your pardon; but the servant showed me in here,—if I'm not intruding——

Lucy. } Oh, no! We are——(*they go up*)
Ber. }

Col. Yes, I saw you were. You're delighted to see me, of course? Just so. (*crosses to* R., *looking about the room*—LUCY *watches him*) I wish to speak to Mr. Dorrison.

Lucy. Papa! Papa is out; he'll soon be back.

Ber. (*aside*) Worse luck. (*goes up*)

Col. (*regarding* LUCY *with intense interest*) Papa! Then you are Miss Dorrison?

Lucy. Yes.

Ber. For the present. (*comes down*, L.)

Col. Lucy Dorrison? (*faltering*)

Lucy. Yes!

Col. Ah! (*sighs*)

Lucy. You seem fatigued.

Col. (*embarrassed*) No, quite fresh—from America.

Lucy. That's a long way.

Ber. Sit down.

Col. (*sits*, R.) Thank you. And you are Lucy Dorrison—little Lucy—the baby grown so tall. How old are you?

Ber.
Lucy. } Seventeen.

Col. Seventeen! are you so long—I mean, is it so long?

Lucy. (*to* BERTIE) What an odd man! Who is he?

Ber. (*whispers*) Perhaps he's the fellow come to take the census.

Lucy. (*to* COLONEL) Papa will not be long.

Col. Papa won't, won't he? (*catches sight of picture* L.; *he rises; a pause*) Isn't that mamma? Your mamma?

Lucy. Yes, poor mamma; she's——(*a pause*)

Col. Dead?

Lucy. Yes, years ago; when I was quite a child. (*turns to look at picture*)

Col. (*after a pause, catching hold of* LUCY *in his arms and kissing her*) Lucy, don't you know me?

Lucy. (*alarmed*) Bertie!

Ber. (*indignantly*) I say——

Col. Don't be alarmed, darling. (*kissing her*) I am your brother Alfred. (LUCY *sinks into chair*, C.)

Lucy. Brother Alfred!

Ber. Brother Alfred!

Col. Grown such a fine girl. When I left you were a baby.

Lucy. La! My brother Alfred, whom I never saw before, to my remembrance. Perhaps that's the reason I did not know you. I am so glad to see you, my dear brother.

Ber. Very glad, my dear brother. (*shaking* COLONEL'S *hands, which are round* LUCY'S *waist*)

Col. Eh! but you have been born since I was away. You're not a never-known, unexpectedly-turned-up, long-lost brother.

Ber. No, but I'm Lucy's sweetheart. It's the same thing.

Col. Lucy's sweetheart! The baby got a sweetheart? Why, I left you asleep in a cradle, and now I am come back——

Lucy. You find me awake, and engaged. (*takes* BERTIE'S *arm*)

Col. Yes, you're awake, but I seem to be dreaming. Sixteen years have passed like a single night. It is to-morrow morning, and I'm still asleep. Have sixteen years passed? (LUCY *goes to* COLONEL) Have I run away? Have I come back again? (*kissing* LUCY) Yes, I have. Here I stood in this very room. The furniture the same, everything the same, except that picture; that was not there. My father had just gone out of that door; we had had a furious quarrel. I threatened to leave home; he told me to go. (LUCY *takes* COLONEL'S *arm*) I said I'd enlist as a soldier. He told me I hadn't the courage; that stung me. I'd a few pounds. I went up to London. I did not enlist for a soldier. If my mother had been at home I should not have gone. From London I went to Liverpool; and half-starved, I worked my way

to New York as a common sailor, or rather as an uncommon landsman. In ten years I made a fortune ; and when the war broke out I went into the army. I always intended to write home ; but as post after post, packet after packet sailed away, I put it off. I return to find the same place but (*looking at picture*) not the same people. I am a man ; you are a grown girl ; and this is Home. (*crosses*, L.) It's like a fairy tale ; and all that's wanted to complete it is a magic door to open, (*turns*) and a beautiful princess to walk in, with whom I fall in love directly, and who falls in love with me, and makes me happy ever after. (*during the last few lines* DORA enters, D. L. I E.; *pause*)

Lucy. Here's the beautiful princess. (*crosses to* DORA)

Dora. I beg your pardon. (*going*)

Lucy. Don't go. Let me introduce you to my brother. Miss Dora Thornhaugh. She's staying with us.

Col. (*aside*) Is she? I wish she'd stay with me. (COLONEL *struck*)

Dora. Your brother?

Ber. Yes, our brother.

Lucy. Alfred, from America.

Dora. Whom you believed to be dead?

Col. (*flurried*) Quite a mistake! I am not dead, I assure you.

Dora. It was only yesterday that your papa, Mr. Dorrison, was speaking of you.

Col. (*interested*) Yesterday?

Lucy. Yes, he said he'd give the world to know if you were alive.

Col. Did he? (*affected*) Did he?

Dora. And to hear from you.

Ber. I remember his very words. (COLONEL *crosses to* BERTIE) To hear of him even through a third person.

Col. (*repeating mechanically and watching* DORA) Through a third person!

Dora. Singular, isn't it?

Col. (*mechanically*) Third person singular it is.

Lucy. But, brother Alfred, why did you go away? (*sits*, C.)

Ber. Yes, and why did you come back? (*sits*, R. C., *on ottoman*)

Col. (*sits*, R. C., *on ottoman*) I went away because I was an idiot, and a bad-hearted, hot-headed, self-willed, ruffianly boy.

Dora. (*sits on sofa*, L.) You were very young then, and perhaps Mr. Dorrison was rather harsh—severe.

Col. No, he wasn't. (*looks at picture*)

Lucy. He said he was yesterday. Poor mamma! (*looking at same picture over fireplace*) I don't remember her. (COLONEL *sighs*) Pa's going to be married again.

Col. What?

Lucy. Yes, he's going to take a second wife. It makes us so unhappy.

Ber. Me particularly, brother Alfred.

Col. (*looking at picture*) A second wife?

Lucy. Yes. We'll tell you all about it, and perhaps you can advise us. Last autumn he took me to Scarborough, and there we met a Mrs. Pinchbeck.

Col. A widow?

Lucy. Yes.

Dora. She says she's a widow.

Ber. So does her brother.

Col. Oh, she's got a brother too, has she? Pity so many nice girls have brothers.

Lucy. Captain Mountraffe.

Col. Oh, military?

Lucy. Yes.

Ber. He says so.

Lucy. Well, papa fell in love.

Col. (*looking at* DORA) How stupid!

Ber. Over head and ears.

Col. Idiotic!

Ber. Wasn't it? (*looking at* LUCY)

Lucy. And he used to walk her about, and in three weeks they were engaged.

Ber. How improper! (*looking at* LUCY)

Col. Horrible! (*looking at* DORA)

Lucy. And papa has let her have the White Cottage to live in.

Col. Where the Kennedys used to be twenty years ago?

Lucy. And all the ladies in the neighborhood say that there is something about her they don't like.

Col. They mean she's handsome.

Lucy. No.

Col. Women are seldom enthusiastic about each other. What does Miss Thornhaugh think of her?

Dora. I dislike her.

Col. For what reason?

Dora. For no reason. From instinct.

Col. That's the best reason. Who is she? What was she?

Lucy. Nobody knows.

Ber. Even I don't; but all sorts of things are whispered.

Col. I hate whispers. In cases of this sort people should be outspoken and loud. (*dropping his voice*) Should they not, Miss Thornhaugh?

Dora. (*lowering her eyes*) I think so.

Lucy. But what's to be done, brother Alfred?

Col. (*rises*) Hold hard, let me see how we stand. Mrs.——

Ber. Pinchbeck.

Col. Pinchbeck is a widow?

Ber. Yes.

Col. That's bad.

Lucy. Been married twice.

Col. That's worse; she's a double-barrelled widow. Cuts with both husbands—I mean with both edges.

Ber. Rather fast.

Col. Round hat, sea-side ribbons fluttering? All that, eh? (BERTIE *nods and rises*—LUCY *rises*) Um, um, and you're sure that my father wants to marry her?

Ber. Immediately.

Col. I'll try and open his eyes to his danger.

Lucy. Will you? You dear brother! (*shakes* COLONEL'S *left hand*)

Col. Brother! Aye, about her brother—the Pinchbeckian brother—what kind of fellow is he?

Ber. A cad.

Lucy. Very low.

Dora. A most presuming person. (*rises and comes down*, L.)

Col. (*jealous*) Is he?

Ber. He's always playing bagatelle at the Nag's Head.

Col. Where I left my portmanteau.

Lucy. And he gets so tipsy.

Col. After dinner?

Ber. And before dinner too.

Col. Agreeable 'possum.

Ber. The worst of it is that my mother told your father what she thought of the match. They had a row, and she—that's my mother—got into a passion. Did you ever see my mother in a passion?

Col. Never had that pleasure.

Ber. I have. I am forbidden the house.

Col. Why?

Ber. Mr. Dorrison said he would have nobody within his doors who dared express a doubt as to the perfect eligibility of Mrs. Pinchbeck; and ma said he was an old fool, and so——

Col. That was strong. And so you're courting my sister—my little Lucy?

Ber. Yes. I have loved her ever since the early age of two. You know it was first arranged that I was to marry Dora.

Col. Dora? (*jealous*) I beg pardon, Miss Thornhaugh.

Ber. But I never cared for her, did I, Dora?

Dora. Never.

Col. (*aside*) He's an idiot.

Ber. And Dora never cared for me. Did you, Dora?

Dora. Never.

Col. (*aside*) What a charming girl. Care for *him!* I should think not.

Ber. So we cried off.

Col. (*aside*) The lunatic!

Ber. And Lucy and I cried on.

Lucy. (*crosses to* BERTIE) And we are so fond of each other, brother Alfred! (*they go up, and then to window*, R.)

Col. (*aside*) I wonder if anybody could be fond of me. This is the most charming girl.

Ber. (*at window-curtain*, R.) Here's Mr. Dorrison and Mrs. Pinchbeck coming down the garden.

Col. (*at* R. *window*) And that's my father? He looks older, and he's white about the head where he used to be so black. I wish Mrs. Pinchbeck would show her face. She's plucking a flower. Now she puts it into the governor's coat. Poor old gov'! It's a case, but I'll save him. (*looks at his mother's picture*) I'll save him.

Lucy. Papa is coming on with his letters.

Ber. (*crosses to* L.) I must go out by the back kitchen.

Dora. (*goes up*, L.) I don't want to meet Mrs. Pinchbeck.

Col. Stay! I'm reckoned a smart man in the West. I didn't know how I should be received here, so I brought a letter from myself, (*producing letter*) introducing Colonel White.

Lucy. Colonel White?

Ber. Eh!

Col. If I am known to be the long-lost son, Mrs. Pinchbeck's suspicions will be awakened. Better be Colonel White.

Lucy. Oh, yes; it will be such fun.

Ber. Capital.

Col. So if Miss Thornhaugh doesn't mind humoring a deception that may tend to good——

Dora. Your secret is safe with me. Exit, D. L. U. E.

Ber. Good-bye, Lucy. (*whispering*) I shall be in the back kitchen at 8.30, on the left hand side of the mangle.

Exit, D. L. I E.; LUCY *crosses and looks off*, L. I E.

Col. Lucy, now for it. I'll tell you what I——

Enter MR. DORRISON, R. *window—he has a flower in his button-hole, and letters in his hand*—LUCY *crosses to* C.

Mr. D. Business, business! as if I could attend to business. I have something higher, purer, nobler. (*seeing* COLONEL) Eh, I beg your pardon.

Lucy. Papa, a gentleman to speak to you.

Col. As I am a stranger I must introduce myself. (LUCY *going*, R.) My name is White—Colonel White, of the Minnesota Rifles.

Mr. D. Lucy, my dear. (LUCY *is going*)

Col. The young lady need not go, for it's a family matter. I have to—I have a letter of introduction. (*crosses to* MR. DORRISON)

Mr. D. From whom?

Col. From your son.

Mr. D. From my son? From Alfred?

Col. Yes, he's a comrade of mine.

Mr. D. In the American army?

Col. Yes.

Mr. D. Phew! My son alive? Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven! (*sits down affected*, R., *on ottoman*)

Col. (C., *aside to* LUCY) Poor old gov! he's my father and he feels it.

Mr. D. (R.) Lucy, my love, your brother is alive—Alfred whom I have so often spoken of.

Lucy. (L.) Yes, papa, the gentleman has already told me. (*aside*) I feel so wicked, but I suppose it is right for people to feel wicked sometimes.

Col. How naturally she takes to deception; like a young duckling to the water. I wonder if Dora will do it as well.

Mr. D. (*reading*) "Well, and happy, and prosperous." (*shaking hands with* COLONEL) My dear sir, you are most welcome. Of course you have come to stay with us. Where is your luggage?

Col. I left it at the station three miles off.

Mr. D. Lucy, tell George to drive over and fetch it.

Lucy. (*aside, and running up stage*) Certainly, papa! My brother! Oh, how will all this end? Exit, D. L. U. E.

Mr. D. I long to hear of his career. And so he is a soldier. (*sitting on ottoman*, R.) Tell me, my dear Colonel——

Col. White. (*sits* L. *of ottoman*)

Mr. D. Colonel White, tell me all about him; how he is. Do you know your face somewhat reminds me of him?

Col. We have been considered alike.

Mr. D. And where is he now? Does he intend to return to England? My dear boy—my son—my—(MRS. PINCHBECK *outside window*, R.)

Mrs. P. Alfred! (COLONEL *rises*)

Mr. D. (*rising and going up*) That voice! Excuse me, but a lady I have kept waiting. We dine at six. We are very quiet people here; don't take the trouble to dress. After dinner we can talk. I'll send for your luggage. My dear Colonel White, consider this house your home while you are in England. We are very quiet people here.

Enter CAPTAIN MOUNTRAFFE, *flushed with drink*, D. L. U. E., *down* L.

Mount. They've cleared the lunch away.

Col. (*aside*) I suppose this is brother Pinchbeck.

Mr. D. This dreadful man! (*rings, aside; aloud*) Lunch. Perhaps, Colonel White, you will take some lunch? A glass of sherry and a biscuit? (SERVANT **enters,** D. L. U. E. MOUNTRAFFE *whispers to him, and* SERVANT **exit**) It shall be brought to you here.

Mrs. P. (*outside, in sweet tones*) Alfred!

Mr. D. Pamela, one moment. (*at window*) An arrival. Permit me to introduce you. Colonel White, Captain Mountraffe, the brother of my intended. Captain Mountraffe of the Acapultec Avengers.

Mount. Mexican Cavalry. Irregulars.

Mrs. P. (*without*) Alfred!

Mr. D. (*on steps*) Pray excuse me. (*runs off at window,* R. *dinner gong*—SERVANT **enters,** D. L. U. E.; *clears table,* L.)

Col. (*down,* R.) Poor old gov! (*looking at* MOUNTRAFFE) This fellow a soldier! why, he's never been drilled.

Mount. (*aside*) I wonder who this chap is? Is he flat, or is he fly-green or down, righteous or shoful?

Col. Pleasant day; been riding? (*looking at his trousers*)

Mount. No, I've been playing bagatelle.

Col. Bagatelle!

Enter SERVANT *with lunch on tray,* D. L. U. E.

Mount. They've no billiard-room at the "Nag's." This is a d——d hole. No wine, no nothing.

SERVANT *puts lunch on table,* L.

Ser. Claret, sir; or would you take some beer?

Mount. No, champagne.

Ser. Sir?

Mount. Champagne! don't you hear? Champagne! Two bottles, one for me, one for the other gentleman.

Col. I don't generally drink a bottle of champagne for lunch. (*crosses,* L.)

Mount. Never mind, I'll drink it for you. I'm thirsty. Open both bottles, and pour them into that large silver tankard.

Exit SERVANT, D. L. U. E.

Col. Phew! Smells of tobacco like yesterday's canteen. (*sits,* L. *of table,* L.)

Mount. Don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting you here before. (*sitting on sofa,* R. *of* L. *table*)

Col. No, I have only just arrived. Allow me——(*helping him*)

Mount. I'm not hungry. I've had one or two nips of brandy at the "Nag."

Col. Nice place, the "Nag."

Mount. Slow—skittle alley, but no tables. Do you know Mr. Dorrison?

Col. Slightly.

Mount. I know him intimately. (enter SERVANT *with tankard*, D. L. U. E.) Oh, here you are.

SERVANT *puts down tankard on table*, L., *goes off*, L. D. *and returns with claret jug.*

Col. Have you retired from the army, Captain?

Mount. Yes.

Col. What service were you in?

Mount. Cavalry, Mexican Cavalry. Acapultec Avengers. Your health. (*drinks*) Old Dorrison's wine's capital.

Col. Sharp work in Mexico lately.

Mount. Sharp! (*getting gradually drunk*) I've been in the saddle forty hours together.

Col. I've no doubt. (*aside*) Running away the whole time.

Mount. By Jove, sir! when the trumpet used to sound the charge (*drinks*) and we used to form (*drinks*) and we saw the enemy behind us—I mean before us—we used to—(*drinks*) Oh, beautiful! Have you seen any service?

Col. A little. (*aside*) This fellow's a liar. I'll try him. I had a friend in the Mexican Calvary—one Frank Adderly.

Mount. Fair man? (*looking in tankard*)

Col. Yes.

Mount. Tall?

Col. Six feet.

Mount. Knew him well.

Col. (*aside*) That's a lie for he don't exist.

Mount. He was my second in a duel.

Col. Were you hit?

Mount. No. I killed my man. (*drinks*) But I have been hit—(*rises*)—here, there, everywhere—(*sits*)—in fact, my body is so scarred I should be ashamed to be seen undressed.

Col. You're quite right. Always wear clothes; the less that's seen of you the better.

Mount. Oh! my old companions, my brave comrades, good hearts and true, excuse a manly tear. (*maudlin*)

Col. By all means; shed two if you find it agreeable.

Mount. (*solemnly*) Here's to their memory. (*drinks*)

Col. To their memory. (*drinks a glass of claret*)

Mount. (*rises, shaking hands*) You're a man. Have a cigar? (*offers case*)

Col. We mustn't smoke in the drawing-room.

Mount. I may. (*lights cigar*) I can do as I like here. (COLONEL *looks at his mother's picture*) Dorrison is sweet upon my sister.

(*laughs*) They're going to be spliced. (*laughs*) Queer old cuss. So it's Liberty Hall for me. (*sings*) Liberty Hall, Liberty Hall.

Col. (*aside*) I suppose at present it would be premature to kick him. So Mr. Dorrison is sweet on your sister?

Mount. Yes, quite right, he should be, for I am sweet upon his daughter. Nice little thing. Have you seen her?

Col. Yes. And does she reciprocate?

Mount. She has cast an eye on the young soldier, and his appearance has had its usual effect. If old Dorrison would shell out handsomely—and I think he would to get rid of me—she'd make a nice little wife. (*rises*) But I've two strings to my bow. There's a Miss Thornhaugh—Dora—staying here, a friend of my Lucy's.

Col. A friend of your Lucy's—yes.

Mount. She has cast a favorable eye upon yours truly. What's the matter? (*sits*)

Col. Nothing, a pain—a tingling.

Mount. In your head?

Col. In my foot.

Mount. Gout? (*getting more drunk*)

Col. No, irritability. I can kick it off—I mean I can walk it off.

Mount. So whichever has the most cash, I'll make Mrs. Captain Mountraffe. What have we soldiers of fortune but our appearance to live upon? Here's the health of Mrs. Captain Mountraffe, Lucy or Dora, whichever she may be. You must see these two girls and give me your opinion as to my selection. What's your name?

Col. White.

Mount. White, my dear boy, (*rises*) between ourselves there's only one thing disgusts me with women.

Col. What's that?

Mount. They are so d—d selfish. Selfishness is a bad thing. (*takes up glass of claret and drinks*)

Col. In women.

Mount. Beastly. Give me your hand. (*shakes hands, but* COLONEL *puts napkin round his hand*) The grasp of friendship knits the——(*falls on sofa*) Black, my boy, you're drunk.

Col. Am I?

Mount. Very drunk. Oh, Black, I'm ashamed of you, and (*going to sleep*) you're asleep, too. Let's go to sleep together. The grasp of friendship——(*dinner gong*) of friendship—knits the—heart. (*sleeps on sofa*)

Col. What a skunk! (enter DORRISON *and* MRS. PINCHBECK *from window*, R., *come down*, C. LUCY *and* DORA enter, D. L. U. E.) Nothing to be got out of him about his sister. How shall I—Oh, here's the governor. (*crosses*, R.)

Mr. D. Colonel, though you have lunched so recently, will you

come down to dinner? (*introducing*) Mrs. Pinchbeck, Colonel White, my son's friend.

Col. (*aside*) I know that face. (MRS. PINCHBECK *highly fascinating*)

Mr. D. Will you give Mrs. Pinchbeck your arm, Colonel? Dora, my dear. (*taking* DORA'S) Lucy, Captain Mountraffe will—(*sees him asleep*) Ah, Lucy, you must follow by yourself.

COLONEL *takes off* MRS. PINCHBECK; DORRISON, DORA, D. L. U. E.—*At that moment* BERTIE **enters** *window*, R. *and runs to* LUCY, *kneels at her feet, and is about to kiss her hand*—MOUNTRAFFE *yawns, which frightens* BERTIE; *he is running off as the drop falls quickly.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

A LAPSE OF TWO MONTHS.

Scene.—*As before, excepting table*, R. C., *which is shifted to* R., *and ottoman to* R. C.—MOUNTRAFFE *discovered*, R. *of table* L., *on edge of sofa*—MRS. PINCHBECK *at fireplace*, L., *with elbows resting on mantelshelf.*

Mount. Pam, I don't understand your game.

Mrs. P. (*coming down* L. *of fireplace*) I don't suppose you can; you're generally drunk.

Mount. Are you going to marry old Dorrison, or are you not?

Mrs. P. Didn't we arrange between us that I was to become Mrs. Dorrison? (*sighing*)

Mount. Certainly, that was the idea.

Mrs. P. Well?

Mount. Well, for the last two months, ever since the arrival of this Colonel White, you've kept putting off and putting off what old Dorrison calls the happy day. (MRS. PINCHBECK *sighs*) White only arrived back from London yesterday, and I've watched you, and it seems to me that you're setting your cap at him.

Mrs. P. What if I am?

Mount. You're playing a wrong game. Dorrison's rich, a wealthy retired manufacturer, something in iron, coal mines,

sugar-tongs and such like. What's White? A soger, without means—a colonel, he says, like me.

Mrs. P. (*rising, crossing to* R.) Like you? Why, he has fought, and is a gentleman. Like you! a loafing vagabond, fit only to swear in a tap-room or get tipsy in a kitchen. (*sits on ottoman,* R.)

Mount. (*laughs*) Are you trying to hurt my feelings, or do you wish to awaken me to a sense of shame? Don't cut up rough, or it will be worse for you. What am I? Ugh! What are *you?*

Mrs. P. A degraded wretch! for I am your sister.

Mount. You're something else besides that. Don't do the grand because you think you're going to be independent of me. Think of all I've done for you and be grateful. When our honored papa, who was a corn-cutter by trade, and a swindler by profession, died, leaving us no inheritance but his own bad name and worse character, didn't I get you married?

Mrs. P. To a man old enough to be my father.

Mount. What of that? I thought he had plenty of ready.

Mrs. P. He hadn't a penny.

Mount. No, the old villain, so I found out when it was too late. However, he died soon; in a year you were a widow. Then I married you to poor Fritz.

Mrs. P. An adventurer.

Mount. One of the finest billiard players in Europe, and as for cards, he could make them do as he liked, and he did. Wasn't it my idea, our going to America?

Mrs. P. (*rising*) Silence, you utter scamp! Remind me no more of what is past, or how you have taken me from the Spa to the sea-side, from table d'hôte to table d'hôte, that I might catch a flat as you call it, and that you might win money of the poor dupe who thought me a fine woman, and who listened, too, as I displayed the only poor accomplishment I had. Oh, how I hate the piano! Oh, I hate men! (*crosses to* L.)

Mount. (*rises*) Both good things to play upon. Ha, ha! very good; full of notes. Ha, ha! very good again.

Mrs. P. Oh, how I pant to rid myself of the past, and of you, you incubus! To take my place amongst the wealthy, the respectable, the noble of the world; to feel no longer an adventuress, the jest of every saucy boy and impertinent old man. To drive round to the tradesfolk and say, "Send it to the Lodge." Oh, I shall accomplish it, I will! I feel that a change is coming over me. (*crosses to* R.)

Mount. If you've done play-acting, and trying to persuade yourself that you're a good and injured creature, and failing to do so, perhaps you will tell me what's your programme. Is it silly old Dorrison, or Yankee White?

Mrs. P. (*changing her manner*) I'll tell you. See if any one's about.

MOUNTRAFFE *goes to* L. D., *then sits,* L. *of table,* L.

Mount. Not a peppercorn in the castor.

Mrs. P. (R. *of table,* L.) Before Colonel White went to London I was sitting in the study with Mr. Dorrison, when he was called out to see somebody. I noticed that he appeared very much absorbed in a letter that lay upon the table before him. When he left the room I wanted to see what it was.

Mount. Naturally.

Mrs. P. I read it.

Mount. Of course.

Mrs. P. It was from his son in America.

Mount. White's friend?

Mrs. P. Yes. I learnt it by heart, and remember every word. The letter said:—"Pardon me, my dear father, for having introduced a stranger beneath your roof under an assumed name. My friend, the Graf von Eberstein, is a most singular man. Of one of the first families in Germany, enormously rich, the owner of large estates, he chose to come to America to serve as a simple soldier in the National army. It is now his pleasure to visit England in search of a wife. He is intensely sentimental, and desires to meet a woman who will love him for himself alone. To this end he wished me to introduce him as an American officer, in short as Colonel White—so that divested of the appendages of rank, and wealth, and power, he might win the woman of his heart. I humored his scheme in the hope that my dear sister, Lucy, might love and be beloved by him, for his name, title and distinction are his smallest merits."

Mount. A German nobleman! You take away my breath.

Mrs. P. Do I? What a service I am rendering to society!

Mount. Pam, it's a do. (*rises*)

Mrs. P. Eh?

Mount. A plant. I've suspected that Colonel all along.

Mrs. P. But the hand-writing was Alfred Dorrison's.

Mount. That might be forged.

Mrs. P. But the allusions to his sister; his wish that he should marry her.

Mount. That looks true. Selfishness is always righteous.

Mrs. P. To be a lady! to go to Court!

Mount. (L.) If he's a German swell, he might get me a license for a table. Oh, my little rouge et noir! Oh, my little pair et impair! Oh, my little passe et manque pr-r-r-r. (*imitates roulette*)

Mrs. P. To lean on his arm, to see him wait with his hat off as I step into the carriage. (*aloud*) It's a bright dream.

Mount. (*goes to her*) Pammey, wake up. It's delusion, nightmare, moonshine, wind, gas, bosh. (*crosses to* R.) Stick to old

Dorrison, and—(enter COLONEL, D. L. U. E.) How are you, Colonel? Talk of the German nobility and——

Mrs. P. Sorry I'm forced to run away, Colonel, but—(*aside to* COLONEL) I'm waited for. (*crosses to* L.) I'll be back in an hour. Will you be here? (COLONEL *signifies assent*)

Mount. (*aside*) She's at it. (*crosses to* L.—exit MRS. PINCHBECK, D. L. U. E.; *aloud*) I'm going to ride that new horse of Mr. Dorrison's.

Col. Take care you are not thrown.

Mount. Why? (*at door*)

Col. You'd hurt yourself.

Mount. (*aside*) I think he means mischief. *Adios*, as we used to say in Mexico.

LUCY enters *at window*, R. MOUNTRAFFE *ogles her and goes off*, D. L. U. E.

Col. Brother Pinchbeck suspects me. How I long to throw off the mask and twist his neck. Lucy, if you show yourself at that balcony, you will produce young Romeo. (LUCY *goes to balcony through window*, R.) He's hiding among the black-currant bushes, as if he were one of the gang of housebreakers (enter BERTIE, *limping*, *window*) that everybody about here seems to be afraid of.

Ber. Pa out?

Lucy. Yes, Bertie.

Ber. (*whispering*) How is my own?

Lucy. Quite well. How's mine?

Ber. Sprained his ankle dropping from a wall. Ah, Alfred, last night there was another house broken into close by.

Col. (*crosses to* C.) Never mind the housebreakers. (*puts ring on* LUCY'S *finger*)

Lucy. Oh! isn't that pretty, Bertie?

Col. Lucy, you don't ask me about my journey to London.

Lucy. (L. C.) Oh, tell us!

Col. It turned out exactly as I thought. Mrs. Pinchbeck *is* the lady. Jack Trandham, who has just arrived from New York, and who was fleeced by them, has confirmed my suspicions. When I was quartered in New Orleans there was a lady who was the talk of the whole city. She was the wife of a Chevalier Kopf, a German, who was the luckiest man at cards that ever turned up the same ace five times running. Play was deep at the Chevalier's, and this loafer, this brother stood in for his share. As for the Chevalieress, all the young men in the city were mad about her, and they all crowded the Chevalier's rooms. So long as they played and had money, so long, they say, the lady smiled. But, however, you won't understand me if I tell you more.

Lucy. But if you never saw her in New Orleans how came you to recognise her when you met her here?

Col. By her photograph. (*shows photograph*) I've got one, formerly the property of poor Jack Trandham; he paid rather dearly for that carte-de-visite.

Lucy. But now she is called Mrs. Pinchbeck.

Col. Pinchbeck was the name of her first husband. (BERTIE *takes photograph from* COLONEL) So when the Chevalier Kopf died, or was hanged, or transported, or whatever was his end, his name had so European as well as Transatlantic an odor that Pamela—my Pamela—ha! ha! went back to her first married patronymic.

Ber. Your Pamela? What do you mean by *your* Pamela?

Col. Don't you know? (*to* LUCY) Don't he know? There's a good girl to keep a secret.

Ber. Oh! Lucy, a secret from me!

Col. Hold your tongue, spooney. It was my secret. To rescue my father from the fatal fascination of this woman who would be a curse and a misery to him, and bring his silver plate with sorrow to the pawnbroker's, I knew that I must do something strong—fight her with her own weapons, fraud, finesse, artifice, deception, and dissimulation. I must open his eyes as if they were oysters, with a knife; so I wrote another letter to him from myself.

Ber. }
Lucy. } From yourself?

Col. Yes, Alfred Dorrison—telling him Colonel White was only an assumed name; that I was in reality a wealthy German nobleman, who for sentimental reasons tried to pass for a poor soldier, that I might find a woman who would love me for myself alone. The bait took. Mrs. Pinchbeck swallowed it—hook and all—no doubt my father told her. It's funny to see her glancing and ogling me. She thinks she is the woman for my money—for my title. She is to be the future Grafin von Eberstein; and when the time is ripe, my worthy, though infatuated sire shall see—what he shall see.

Ber. Does Miss Thornhaugh know this plan?

Col. (*changing his manner*) Miss Thornhaugh? No. A secret's no secret if you tell it to everybody. Why do you ask?

Ber. Because I thought you two were courting. (LUCY *laughs*)

Col. (*angrily*) What!

Ber. So did Lucy. We said you were both sweet.

Col. (*flushed and annoyed*) Oh, you said that, did you? Then you are a couple of fools. Why, Dora—I mean Miss Thornhaugh, would not think of me. She's only eighteen and I'm six-and-thirty. Such a supposition! How dare you trouble yourself about my affairs! (*goes up*)

Lucy. (*aside to* BERTIE) Bertie! (BERTIE *crosses to* L. C.) It's true or he would not be so angry.

Ber. I did not mean to offend you. If you don't think Miss Thornhaugh a nice girl——(*goes over to* R.)

Col. This fellow's an awful idiot. (*aside*) I shan't like him for a brother-in-law.

Dora. (*outside*) Lucy !

Lucy. Here she is.

Col. Who? the Pinchbeck?

Lucy. No, Dora. (DORA enters, D. L. I E.; *she has a music-book in her hand*) Let's leave 'em alone, poor things. (*to* BERTIE) Let's go into the shrubbery. (*crosses to* R.)

Ber. Yes, I've got some sweetmeats in my pocket.

Dora. Going?

Lucy. Only for a moment. (*aside to* BERTIE) Alfred looks very sheepish.

Ber. Strange, isn't it? Whatever he can see in that girl, I cannot——

Exeunt LUCY *and* BERTIE, *talking, by window,* R. DORA *puts music on piano—a long pause.*

Col. I'd always give my eyes to be alone with this girl for five minutes, and whenever I am alone with her I haven't a word to say for myself. (*aloud*) That music, Miss Thornhaugh?

Dora. (*at piano*) Yes.

Col. (*aside*) As if it could be anything else. How stupid of me. (*aloud*) New music?

Dora. Yes.

Col. New laid—I mean, fresh from the country—fresh from London, or—yes—I—(DORA *sits on music stool at piano—this scene is played with great constraint on both sides*—COLONEL *bends over* DORA *at piano*) Going to play any of it now?

Dora. No. I must practice it first. I can't play at sight.

Col. Can't you really? Don't you believe in—music—at first sight.

DORA *drops a music book,* COLONEL *picks it up*—DORA *tries to pick it up—they knock their heads together; mutual confusion—as they rise each has hold of the book.*

Col.
Dora. } I beg your pardon. (*both trembling*)

Dora. It's nothing.

Col. Nothing, quite so.

DORA *sits on music stool—as she does so both leave hold of the book and it falls again.*

Dora. I thought you had the book.

Col. (*picking it up*) And I thought you had it, and it appears

that neither of us had it. Ha! ha! (*aside*) Fool that I am! (DORA *sits thoughtfully,* COLONEL *bending over her at piano; a pause*) Won't you play something?

Dora. I don't know how to play.

Col. Oh, well, play the other one. (*they resume their attitudes; a pause*) The weather has been very warm to-day, has it not?

Dora. Very.

Col. Looks like thunder to me.

Dora. Does it?

Col. Are you fond of thunder—I mean fond of music? I should say are you fond of lightning? (DORA *touches keys of piano mechanically*) Do play something.

Dora. No, I—I didn't think of what I was doing. What were you talking about?

Col. About? You—me—no! About thunder—music—I mean lightning.

Dora. I'm afraid of lightning.

Col. (*interested*) Indeed!

Dora. Singular, we were talking about lightning to-day.

Col. How odd! (DORA *plays piano*)

Dora. Mrs. Pinchbeck and myself. She isn't afraid of lightning.

DORA *plays piano each time* MRS. PINCHBECK'S *name is mentioned during this scene.*

Col. I should think she isn't. Lightning is just the sort of thing she wouldn't be afraid of.

Dora. You admire Mrs. Pinchbeck very much, I think? (*drily*)

Col. No, I don't.

Dora. I thought you did.

Col. No, it's not Mrs. Pinchbeck whom I admire.

Dora. No?

Col. No, the lady I admire——(*his back touches a music stand; the stand falls*) I beg your pardon.

Dora. That's a nasty music stand; it's always in the way.

Col. (*picking up stand*) I don't know what's the matter with me.

Dora. Perhaps it's a nervous affection?

Col. Yes, it's an affection—(*aside*)—Dora, at the heart.

Dora. I sometimes have it.

Col. An affection? (*leaning over piano*)

Dora. Yes.

Col. In what region? About the——

Dora. About Mrs. Pinchbeck. I don't like her.

Col. Poor woman!

Dora. I can't bear her.

Col. Perhaps you'll say that of me when I'm absent.

Dora. Oh, no. (*confused*)

Col. What do you think of Captain Mountraffe?

Dora. Oh, horrid! (*she changes tune to the "Power of Love"*)

Col. (*whispering*) He would not make a nice husband, would he?

Dora. Do you think Mrs. Pinchbeck would make a nice wife?

Col. No! very well as widow, but not so well as wife. If I had a wife—all to myself—I mean——

Dora. Yes?

Col. I should like a wife—(*gasping*) if I could have one invented especially for me, about your height, with blue eyes and light hair. (*this description to be altered according to the appearance of the lady who plays* DORA) And she should wear a white dress, and—and to be afraid of lightning, and—and—her name should be Dora. (*seizes her right hand*)

Enter MR. DORRISON, D. L. U. E., *down* L.

Mr. D. Colonel White? (DORA, *who has continued the pathetic strain of music until the entrance of* MR. DORRISON, *commences a lively waltz or polka*—COLONEL *assumes a conventional position, a little distance from piano*)

Dora. Pretty waltz, isn't it? (*trembling*)

Col. Very. So pleasant and cool. What's it called?

Dora. "The Lover's Leap." Oh, Mr. Dorrison!

Mr. D. Dora, my dear. (*she ceases playing*) Would you be kind enough to leave me? I want to talk to the Colonel.

Col. (*aside*) What's coming now? (DORA *rises from piano and is going off,* D. L. U. E.) You've forgotten the new music.

Gives her music book—squeezes her hand under book—DORA *returns the pressure, and gives him an assenting look;* exit DORA, D. L. U. E.

Mr. D. (*sits* L., *of* L. *table*) Colonel, I wish to speak to you; sit down. (COLONEL *sits on sofa,* R. *of table,* L.) I'm going to tell you a secret, although I think you are somewhat—what shall I say? unconfidential with me. Eh, Colonel White? (*with emphasis*) Eh, Colonel White?

Col. (*aside*) I see; he's alluding to the German Graf.

Mr. D. Perhaps I know what I know. And perhaps I know more than you think I know.

Col. (*aside*) I must pretend to be embarrassed. (*feigns confusion*) Oh really, Mr. Dorrison.

Mr. D. Of course I don't mean to extort from you anything you wish to keep secret, but I'm so thoroughly English in my notions —English, and not German—not German—(*with emphasis*)—that

I can't keep a secret—even when it's not my own! even when it's a secret of sentiment, which above all things is a secret I would respect.

Col. (*looking down, aside*) How one lie does breed another. I lied when I called myself Colonel White, now I've to lie again, and pretend I'm somebody else. When I come to myself it will be a sort of personal, individual resurrection. (*aloud*) Then—then, Mr. Dorrison, you know who I am?

Mr. D. I do.

Col. May I ask how?

Mr. D. I will be candid. I have received a letter from my dear boy.

Col. From Alfred?

Mr. D. Yes. And now, my dear Count—I should say my dear Colonel——

Col. Whichever you please. It's quite indifferent to me.

Mr. D. Which shall we say then—Count or Colonel?

Col. Take your choice. (*aside*) I feel such a double-distilled, double-breasted, double-barrelled liar, that it doesn't matter who I am.

Mr. D. However, though you won't confide in me, I will confide in you. You are a man of high feeling and sentiment, and as such will understand me. You are aware I am about to marry Mrs. Pinchbeck? (COLONEL *assents*) I am sixty-three years of age.

Col. Is not that rather young? I mean isn't Mrs. Pinchbeck rather younger?

Mr. D. She is about—um—twenty-five. Yes. Perhaps you think me an old fool?

Col. Oh, no.

Mr. D. (*shaking hands*) I was sure you would understand me. Though past sixty, I am as young constitutionally as most men of forty.

Col. Your daughter will have a——

Mr. D. A mother—a mother. I have considered that point, and consulted my daughter's interests in the step I have resolved on.

Col. In the stepmother you have resolved on——

Mr. D. Step, not stepmother. But it was not to speak of my future wife, or my daughter, that I sought this interview with your lordship.

Col. (*with generous shame*) My lordship?

Mr. D. It was not to speak of them.

Col. Of whom then?

Mr. D. Of my son.

Col. Of your son?

Mr. D. Of Alfred. Before he left his home, though he was

wild, I was harsh. I should have remembered he was but a boy; but he was a fine fellow—a splendid nature. Throughout all his escapades he never once deceived me; he was always above deception. He never told me a lie. A noble quality, eh, Count?

Col. Very.

Mr. D. My second marriage will not injure him. I wish you to tell him so, if you will do me that favor. I do not wish to break the news of my wedding, or to tell him of the disposition of my property. I had, I admit, disinherited him. I was wrong, I was unjust. After the wedding I shall remake my will thus—At my death, one-third of what I have to my daughter, one-third to my wife, the remainder to my son. (*affected*) My boy shall find that his father has not forgotten him. (*a pause*) Will you let him know this, Count—I should say Colonel?

Col. I will. (*both rise*)

Mr. D. Thanks! Excuse me now, for I am very busy. Indeed, the wedding is to take place this week. Break the matter gently to Alfred; and your secret, Count von Eberstein, is safe with me. I have not breathed it to a soul, not even to Pamela; (*shaking hands*) if you have anything to suggest (*going up*) I shall be in my study for the next hour.

Exit, MR. DORRISON, D. L. U. E.

Col. (*affected*) Poor old gov, to think of me when I was so far away under his own roof; to find no one in the world but me, his son, to confide in, when I am stealing away the heart of the woman he adores. Is this manly? Whom am I fighting? Who is my antagonist? A woman, and a woman who at least pretends to care for me. I have serious misgivings. Then, again, if I retired, if I left the field, and let my father marry her—marry her—she would be Lucy's stepmother. My sister Lucy in her power; perhaps to be sacrificed to that drunken cad, Mountraffe. For once my father's wife, who can judge the limits of her influence over him? For she is fascinating! even I feel that as I make sham love to her (*looks at his mother's picture over fireplace*) No, she shall never reign queen of this hearth, where you were once the sun and centre. No shrinking. It's my duty. I must do it! but how I hate fighting in ambuscade. I shall be delighted to get out again into the open—(enter MRS. PINCHBECK, *a book in her hand, at window*, R.) What, the enemy—her I love—the adored one—her I am about to take from my father, never to make my own.

This scene to be played with intense sentimentality.

Mrs. P. (*sighing*) Ah! you are here! (*advancing to table*, R.) I was very wrong to come. Why did you ever enter this house to disturb my peace of mind? I was happy till I saw you.

Col. Pamela!

Mrs. P. John! (*shuddering*) Oh, I am very wrong.

Col. Is it wrong to love as we do? If so, then indeed I am very guilty. What are you reading?

Mrs. P. Tennyson.

Col. What poem?

Mrs. P. "The Lord of Burleigh."

Col. I don't know it.

Mrs. P. No! It's a wonderful story and a true one. A Lord Burleigh passed himself off for a poor landscape painter, and in that guise won the affections of a village maiden. His reason for pretending to be poor was that, disgusted, with the attentions he received from match-making mammas and daughters trying for a coronet, he wished to be loved for himself alone. (*watching the effect of her words*)

Col. (*apparently interested*) Indeed!

Mrs. P. Noble, was it not?

Col. Y-e-s.

Mrs. P. But I cannot believe that any man could be so good. (*her eyes raised*)

Col. (*taking her hand*) Can you not?

Mrs. P. No. (*takes book up*) 'Tis a creation of the poets. He does not exist.

Col. (*with a grand air*) Right! he does not exist.

Mrs. P. No?

Col. No.

Mrs. P. No.

Col. No! I thought you said the story was true!

Mrs. P. Oh, how I could love such a man!

Col. Could you if he existed?

Mrs. P. I could work for him, I could die for him. (*looks round for chair,* COLONEL *gets one*) Oh! (*sighing; both sit*)

Col. Oh! (*sighing*) What does the poem say? That is, what does the lady say? For every lady is a poem unpublished—I mean unmarried.

Mrs. P. "She"—that is the village maiden—replies to Lord Burleigh——

> "Replies in accents fainter—
> 'There is none I love like thee.'
> He is but a landscape painter,
> And a village maiden she."

Beautiful, is it not?

Col. Delicious! To be a landscape painter, and poor! going on tick for your colors, and all that. Delightful! Go on.

Mrs. P. Do you wish it?

Col. Yes.

Mrs. P. Anything to please you——

"I can make no marriage present,
Little can I give my wife!
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."

Oh! (*sighing*) Isn't that charming?

Col. Charming! Not to be able to make a marriage present is so refreshing.

Mrs. P. Then he takes her to the castle, and tells her he is lord of all.

"Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he."

Col. What does the lady say to that? (*reads*)

"All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin,
As it were with shame she blushes
And her spirit changed within."

Mrs. P. Oh! it's too much; the poem agitates me to that degree——

Col. (*reads*)

"Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove,
But he clasped (*moves his chair close to* MRS. PINCHBECK *and clasps her*) her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love."

Now you read, Pamela.

Mrs. P. "So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank.
Shaped her heart, with woman's meekness,
To all duties of her rank."

Col. Poor creature! To be made a lady, and to suffer it with such angelic sweetness! But I believe there are many women who could do the same.

Mrs. P. If they loved.

Col. If they loved, of course.

Mrs. P. Oh, I understand her feelings. Listen!

"And she murmured, Oh that he
Were once more that landscape painter
Which did win my heart from me." (*weeps*)

Col. (*aside*) What a lovely humbug! It's worth while crossing the Atlantic to contemplate her.

Mrs. P. What is greatness when compared to love? What is wealth—power?

Col. Nothing.

Mrs. P. I should have loved him better as a landscape-painter.

Col. (*quickly*) Pamela, could you love me?

Mrs. P. Oh, John! (*rises and sits on ottoman; he sits beside her holding her hand all the time*)

Col. I am but a poor soldier, but what of that? Pamela, love is real wealth. Love is like huge diamonds, too priceless to be bought. What are the smaller cares of this small world so that we are together? What is the cramped, narrowed worldling's creed compared to the passion, the devotion that consumes me?

Mrs. P. John, you—alarm—you——

Col. Let us leave this wretched region of arithmetic, this elysium of intellects that recognize as the only sublime truth the fact that two and two are four, and seek some less commercial sky. Pamela, when I look in your eyes, when I have your hand clasped in mine, when I feel your breath flicker and thicken on my face, you transport me from myself. I feel that I could fly with you to some high Alpine eyrie, and there, amid the snow-capped mountains closed in by the clouds, live and die with thee; that I could quit this common, vulgar earth, and floating upon a tiny boat, out upon an unknown sea, dwell amid the purple waves, uncheered by any sight or sound but thee; that, locked in your arms, I could plunge from off a rock into the air, and, as we sank to certain death, count only the treasured seconds that your heart echoed its last beats to mine! Pamela!

Mrs. P. Colonel White, you terrify me. (*feigning alarm*)

Col. I know I do.

Enter MR. DORRISON, D. L. U. E., *and* LUCY *and* DORA, *unobserved by* COLONEL *and* MRS. PINCHBECK.

Col. Say, is my passion returned?

Mrs. P. (*coquetting, her hands over her face*) No! no! no! (MR. DORRISON *appears relieved*)

Col. Don't say no charming—charming creature. I know you are engaged to Mr. Dorrison.

Mrs. P. Yes, remember that.

Col. I do remember it.

Mr. D. Apparently not, sir. (*striking table*)

Col. (*aside*) Oh, the governor.

Mrs. P. Oh, heavens!

Mr. D. Mrs. Pinchbeck, you have behaved with truth and honor, as I knew you would. You reminded my treacherous guest —my son's friend with a false name—of the bond between us.

Mrs. P. (R., *aside*) What shall I do?

Mr. D. (C., *aside to her*) Bless you, my darling! I have more faith in you than ever. (*crosses to* MRS. PINCHBECK, *and brings her* L. C.—*to* COLONEL) For the Count von Eberstein I have no words. He will quit this roof to-morrow, and will carry with him the contempt of the man he has endeavored to wrong so greatly, in addition to the sting of failure.

Enter SERVANT *who lights gas over fire-place—lights up.*

Dora. (*after a pause*) The gallant Count, or Colonel, or courier in his master's clothes, whichever he may be, appears to fail in everything he undertakes. He has endeavored to supplant you, Mr. Dorrison. He has not succeeded. He has endeavored to make you, Mrs. Pinchbeck, forget your plighted faith, and he has not succeeded. He has dared, too, to pay his easily obtained addresses to me, and he has not succeeded. (*surprise of* MR. DORRISON)

Mrs. P. What's that?

Mr. D. George! (*to* SERVANT) take Colonel White's portmanteau to the station in the morning. (exit SERVANT, D. L. U. E.) I trust that Colonel the Graf von Eberstein White will leave the house with a perfect conviction of the opinions entertained of him. Our sense of self-respect will not suffer us to remain longer in this room. Come, my love. (*to* MRS. PINCHBECK, *taking her arm*—exeunt MR. DORRISON, MRS. PINCHBECK, *and* DORA, MRS. PINCHBECK *undecided in manner*, DORA *contemptuous*, D. L. U. E.)

Lucy. (*crosses to* COLONEL) Alfred!

Dora. (*after exit, outside*) Lucy! (LUCY *runs off*, D. L. U. E.)

Col. (*after pause*) I'll never tell another lie as long as I live. (*rain and wind outside*) And this is the end of my fine scheme for opening my father's eyes, and for preventing this woman from taking my mother's place on this hearthstone. I am ordered out. My host accuses me of endeavoring to undermine the affections of the woman he is about to make his wife. The woman herself, who encourages my attentions, whose obvious blandishments gave me the idea of making her exhibit herself in her true colors, repudiates me, and Dora thinks me false. My failure is complete, and it is for this I crossed the Atlantic. This is my welcome home. I am the prodigal son whom they order off the premises, and set the dogs at. (*going up*) I must leave this. (*steel blue lightning; looking at window*) Lord, what a night! What matters a wet jacket? I can walk to the "Nag's head," and sit there till the mail train passes. (*pauses*) And I must leave her and my sister Lucy to the power of this woman, and to the odious attentions of that rascal brother. It's hard to part from him without one kick. I'll write to Lucy to bid her good-bye, to Dora telling her all, and to my

father telling him, (*bitterly, crosses to table*) what were my intentions towards the lady. (*searching*) Is there any paper? (*lightning*) How the lightning flares; but it's not so blinding as a woman's eyes, not so destructive as a woman's tongue. (*sits to write at table*, L.) I can't write—I'll send to them. (*rising*) What if I go to my father's room, and tell him who I am? He would only curse me as his rival. He would believe the woman, and order me from the house again. Again! Sixteen years ago I stood on this very spot, and took a last look, as I then thought, at home. Home! (*looking at picture over fireplace*) This is not my home now. Good-bye, England. I'll put out the gas and then I'll put out myself. (*turns out one gas light on mantle shelf*) I won't unlock the doors, it would disturb them. I can climb over the garden wall. Good-bye, (*loooking at his mother's picture*) this time for ever. (*turns out the other gaslight*)

Rain ceases; stage dark—as he nears window, R., *a strong flash of blue lightning*—LUCY *appears at window,* R., *her dress over her head.*

Lucy. Alfred! (*in a whisper at window*)

Col. Yes, dear.

Lucy. You haven't gone away then? I know you've been thinking of it.

Col. My darling!

Lucy. Oh, don't kiss me, it's such a waste. I've brought somebody with me.

Col. Whom?

Lucy. Dora.

Col. Dora?

Lucy. Yes; we were talking in our room, and I told her all and why we had kept the secret from her.

Col. But why come through the rain, when——

Lucy. Dora would come to ask you to forgive her, and if we hadn't gone out by the door downstairs we should have had to pass pa's bedroom.

Lightning—DORA **enters** *window* R., *her dress over her head.*

Col. I see.

Dora. (*crossing to him*) Can you forgive me?

Lucy. Yes, forgive her, and while you are forgiving her, I won't look. I'm not afraid of lightning. (*goes to window*)

COLONEL *kisses* DORA—*a vivid flash of lightning.*

Lucy. (*alarmed, runs to* COLONEL) Alfred!

Col. What?

Lucy. A figure at the window, coming in. Perhaps a housebreaker. (LUCY *and* DORA *get* C.)

Col. A housebreaker?

Lucy. I think so.

Mrs. P. (*at window*, L.) John!

COLONEL *motions the two girls back—they retire at back of piano and crouch down.*

Col. Mrs. Pinchbeck!

MRS. PINCHBECK **enters** *window, dressed for a journey.*

Mrs. P. I have crept through the rain to tell you I am yours and yours only. Just now I was tongue-tied. I could not speak with your eyes upon me, for I felt that I had behaved badly to him. When you leave this house, I am ready to accompany you—to-morrow—to-night—now—this instant—John, my own, first, fondest love, I am by your side! (*shot heard without—girls shriek*)

Col. What's that?

Mrs. P. Those girls here?

BERTIE *dashes on through window*, R., *an umbrella in his hand, all over mud; falls on ottoman*, R.

Ber. Help!

Lucy. Bertie!

Col. What's the matter?

Ber. I don't know. As I was watching Lucy's window from the garden, somebody fired something; I fell down and hurt myself, and ran in here. (*goes up*, R. C.)

Enter MOUNTRAFFE, D. L. I E., *in a gorgeous dressing-gown and cap; he carries a lighted candle—stage light*—MR. DORRISON **enters** *window* R., *a double barrelled gun in his hand*)

Mount. (*frightened*) I'm afraid the housebreakers have—there's going to be a row!

Exit, D. L. I E.; *leaves candle*, L., *on table—lights half up.*

Mr. D. (*to* MRS. PINCHBECK) I was watching the lightning from my window when I saw you cross the garden. You came after the man you love. I was about to follow, when another flash showed me the figure of a man upon the wall. I took my gun, loaded it, and went down, for I thought it was a robber. To-night I have thieves within my walls, and not without. I fired in the air to frighten the thief, and followed him in here, where it seems I am *de trop.*

Lucy. (*in tears, up stage,* R.) You've nearly killed poor Bertie.

Mr. D. Bertie! Was it he? He's more frightened than hurt.

Ber. I don't know whether I'm hurt or not.

Mr. D. (*to* MRS. PINCHBECK) You, madam, will find a carriage ready to convey you to the station early in the morning.

Mrs. P. (*coolly, seated on ottoman,* R.) I am glad of it. My heart has spoken, and declared Colonel White to be its lord and master. Seek some woman of your own age.

Mr. D. (*to* COLONEL) For you who introduced yourself by a lie —for I believe your letters from my son to be but forgeries—are you to leave this house unpunished and unscathed? Viper! I am an old man (*putting down gun*) but I have strength to resent the outrage. (*rushing at* COLONEL; *he is restrained by* LUCY) Out of my house, you dog!

Lucy. Father!

Col. For Heaven's sake! I am Alfred your son!

MRS. PINCHBECK *rises thunderstruck. Picture.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

A LAPSE OF TWELVE HOURS.

Scene.—*As before*—BERTIE *discovered lying on sofa*—LUCY *feeding him with jelly.*

Lucy. Feel better, Bertie?

Ber. Yes, dear.

Lucy. It's very nice being ill in the house, and having me to wait on you, isn't it?

Ber. (*eating jelly*) Delicious!

Lucy. I do quite enjoy your illness.

Ber. So do I. (*eating more jelly*)

Lucy. It's so pleasant to wait on you.

Ber. Is it really?

Lucy. The sun is out and so is the jelly, and it is quite dry on the gravel. Do you think you could get up and sit in the garden? (*rises and puts chair under piano*)

Ber. I think I could, if you would let me lean on you.

COLONEL **enters,** D. L. U. E., *with pistol case and horsewhip.*

Col. (*down* L.) Well, Bertie, how goes it?

Lucy. Oh, better, he hasn't hurt himself this half-hour.

Ber. No, every inch of me is bruises, but there are no bones broken.

Col. You are a dreadful fellow to tumble down, (*crosses*, R.) and hurt yourself. You must marry him at once, Lucy, or there'll be none of him left. (*puts pistol case on table*, R.)

Lucy. I assure you I don't like his getting chipped in this way.

Col. You must turn the side that's broken to the wall.

Lucy. Oh, Alfred! (*seeing the pistol case*) Is that another present for me?

Col. (*opens case*) No, it's something to frighten brother Pinchbeck. Take him away. For I expect his sister here directly.

Lucy. Is she going to leave at once?

Col. I don't know.

Ber. (*getting up with difficulty, very lame, leaning on stick*) I should like to kick Captain Mountraffe before he goes.

Col. That is a pleasure I propose myself.

Lucy. But what's going to be done, Alfred?

Col. I don't know, we shall see. I have a carte blanche from the governor to do as I think best.

Lucy. Is papa quite cured?

Col. He will be after amputation. Here comes the limb I'm to lop off; so go. (*they look off*, L.)

Lucy. Can you walk, my Bertie?

Ber. (*with stick, leaning on* LUCY) Give me your arm, your waist, and your shoulders, and I think I can.

Col. He knows all about it. Run away.

Exeunt BERTIE *and* LUCY, *window* R., *into garden—at the same time* **enter** MRS. PINCHBECK, D. L. I E.; *she closes door; a pause.*

Col. Well, Mrs. Pinchbeck, are your boxes packed?

Mrs. P. No. Are yours?

Col. What do you mean?

Mrs. P. That I do not see why I should quit this roof because your father's son introduced himself beneath it under a false name.

Col. But you accepted my father's addresses and then——

Mrs. P. Accepted yours. True; I did. I thought you were a man of rank and fortune. I was mistaken. You were an impostor, a nobody. I was dazzled by the prospect of a coronet. I am not an angel. (*sits* L. *of table*, L.)

Col. I agree with you. You're not.

Mrs. P. And I fell into the snare. It's not the first time that man has lied and a woman has believed him.

Col. Nor the first time a woman has baited the trap, and a man has fallen into it.

Mrs. P. Men are so ready to fall.

Col. You're thinking of Eve who tempted Adam.

Mrs. P. No. I'm thinking of the serpent who tempted Eve.

Col. But the serpent was the devil.

Mrs. P. And the devil is the abstract resemblance of man. What chance had Eve against serpent, devil, and man combined?

Col. (*aside*) She's clever.

Mrs. P. Let me congratulate you on your victory over an old man, your father, and the woman you professed to love. Treachery and deceit are the arms that men use.

Col. My duel was with you, and I fought you with the weapons you were best skilled in.

Mrs. P. Your victory proves you an accomplished professor.

Col. I have saved my father.

Mrs. P. Saved him? From what? (*rises*) From the happiness he promised himself for the remainder of his days? (*advancing to* COLONEL) I should have made him a good wife; for I am weary of running about the world, and I should have been grateful to the hand that succored me. If I should not have been happy, I should have been at least contented, and I could have smoothed my aged husband's path through life, as only a clever woman can.

Col. You are fortunate in possessing so admirable an opinion of yourself. I am sorry for your loss, for the house is pleasant, and my father is rich.

Mrs. P. Which accounts for his prodigal son's return. You came back to save your inheritance?

Col. And to save my father giving me a step-mother I had heard so much of in America.

Mrs. P. Do you wish to insult me?

Col. No! only to induce you to pack up.

Mrs. P. Can't I insult you?

Col. No.

Mrs. P. Why not?

Col. Because you're a woman, and I acknowledge the superiority of your sex over yourself.

Enter MOUNTRAFFE, D. L. U. E.

Mount. Pamela! (*down* C.)

Col. (*seeing him, aside*) Ah, this is a very different affair. I needn't keep my temper now. (*after a pause*) I won't.

Mount. (*crosses to* COLONEL) I've been looking for you.

Col. I'm at your service, Captain. You've been in the army. Pistols—swords—at your pleasure. (*goes to* R. *of table*, R.)

Mount. I am not blood-thirsty.

Col. I am. (*showing pistols in case on table*, R.) So if you——

Mount. (*aside*) Cold-blooded ruffian!

Col. I'll fight you with pleasure. I'd as lief shoot a blackguard as a gentleman. Will you? (*takes up pistol-case, then going off*, R.)

Mount. No.

Col. Then apologize.

Mount. I don't mind admitting I'm wrong ; but no gentleman ever apologizes.

Col. Ah, I see you want damages.

Mount. Just so.

Mrs. P. (*aside to* MOUNTRAFFE) No! I won't accept a farthing.

Mount. I will. (*crosses to* MRS. PINCHBECK) Don't be a fool. (*to* COLONEL) To come to business. You don't wish my sister to marry your father?

Col. I don't.

Mount. And you don't wish to marry her yourself?

Col. Still less.

Mrs. P. How he despises me!

Mount. How much will you give us to go?

Col. I see ; your sister requires a dowry?

Mrs. P. No! (*rising*)

Mount. (*aside to* MRS. PINCHBECK) Shut up!

Col. Name you terms.

Mrs. P. Such humiliation! (*sits*)

Col. Anticipating your decision I have brought with me a blank check. (*producing it, and sitting at table,* L.)

Mount. (*sitting down opposite to* COLONEL) Ah! this is business.

Col. Don't sit down in my presence. (MOUNTRAFFE *rises*) What shall we say for blighted hopes, broken hearts, damaged prospects, &c., &c., &c.? How much?

Mount. Um! The match was a good one, and you're anxious to get rid of us. Say £500.

Col. (*nodding assent*) Five——

Mount. (*aside*) I wonder if he would have given more. (*aloud*) I mean £500 for damages. Then there's my sister's trousseau. She would have had a trousseau, you know. (*goes to* MRS. PINCHBECK)

Mrs. P. (R., *aside*) Oh, the meanness! (*to* MOUNTAFFE) Spare me!

Mount. Not a pair of gloves. (*crosses back to* COLONEL) For the trousseau, say £200.

Col. Two. (*to* MRS. PINCHBECK) Will £200 be sufficient, madam?

Mrs. P. (*aside*) The torture!

Col. Five and two, seven. Is there anything else?

Mount. Well, if you like to stand a suit of wedding clothes for me.

Col. How much?

Mount. Say a twenty-pun note.

Col. £720. (*writes check and is about to cross it*)

Mount. Don't cross it, it will be no use to me if you do.

Col. There is the check, you must give me a receipt. (*rises, lays check on table*) I've brought a stamp so that my father may know that this affair is settled, and that you are paid.

Mount. (*sitting down after looking at* COLONEL *for permission to do so*) With pleasure.

Col. Pardon me; the lady is of age, and she is supposed to be the injured party. I shall require her signature.

Mount. (*writes*) Pleasure. Received £720—no £700, the £20 is for me—£700 in consideration of which I, Pamela Pinchbeck, hereby give up all claims to the damages arising from an action for breach of promise of marriage already commenced by me—we'd better put it that way—against Mr. Alfred Dorrison, sen., and hereby engage not to bring the aforesaid action. To-day, the —um. (*rises*) Now, Pamela, sign that, cross the stamp there. (*crosses to* L.)

Mrs. P. (*crossing to table* R.) Where's the check? (COLONEL *gives it her*)

Col. What a nature!

Mrs. P. And the receipt?

Col. Here, (*bending over table*) if you will kindly——(MRS. PINCHBECK *tears up receipt and check.*

Enter MR. DORRISON *and* DORA, D. L. U. E.; LUCY enters *window*, R., *and sits on ottoman*, R.

Mount. What are you about?

Mrs. P. To buy back my self-respect, and to get rid of you.

Col. (*aside*) What a woman!

Mount. Make out another check, Colonel; it's a mere freak of temper. The fact is she's fallen in love with you—really—no swindle—on the square. (*sits on sofa*)

Mrs. P. Well, I avow it. I do love you, as much as I despise him. I avow it, because I am about to leave you now for ever. At first I believed myself to be attached to you by the prospect of your wealth and greatness; but I was the dupe of my own worldliness, and I loved you for yourself alone. (LUCY *and* DORA *exchange looks*) This confession is my punishment. I am not all to blame. I never knew a mother's love or guidance. From childhood I have had to look to him (*signifying* MOUNTRAFFE) for protection and counsel. He married me when I was quite a child to an old man, bad as himself; and when he died, to an adventurer, who broke my heart at the same time that he excited my vanity. Since the death of my second husband, he has taught me that my duty in life was to find a third, a wealthy victim. I am but a woman, and I have been schooled into the belief that all the world was bad. This home, your father's kindness, your sister's gentle-

ness, and this young lady's goodness, have taught me better. I have one talent, music ; and that will enable me to live away from this bad silly man, whom I now renounce for ever. Forgive me for the evil I might have worked you. If ever you should hear of me, you will know that my repentance is sincere. Farewell. (*going up*)

Col. Madam, your words have penetrated me deeply, me and mine. (*pointing to* DORRISON, *&c.*) Pardon the intemperance of my language. I did not then know you. I recognize in you not only a good woman, but a noble heart. Lucy, my love, give your hand to this lady, (*she does so*) whose surroundings through life have not been able to stamp out her native nobility of character. (*with deep respect* DORA *crosses to* MRS. PINCHBECK, *shakes hands with her, then goes back to* L. ; MRS. PINCHBECK *very much affected*) I trust that you will permit my sister and me to accompany you in the carriage. In leaving us you leave all friends, who can never cease to regard you, and all that concerns you, with the deepest interest.

Mr. D. Give me your hand at parting. (*shakes hands with* MRS. PINCHBECK) If I have anything to forgive, it is forgiven freely. Good-bye, and Heaven bless you.

MRS. PINCHBECK, *deeply affected, takes off locket from her neck, and puts it on piano, then goes off,* D. L. U. E.

Mount. (*rising and going up*) That's a woman! After all that I have done for her. By——

He is going to pick up locket—COLONEL *coughs and taps pistol-case as* MOUNTRAFFE **exits,** D. L. U. E—BERTIE **enters** *window,* R.

Col. Yes, a real woman, who can't help being right-minded even when she's wrong. (BERTIE *comes down,* R.)

Mr. D. I'm glad they're gone. Forgive me, my dear boy and girl, I feel heartily ashamed of myself. Alfred, how can I return the service you have rendered me?

Col. Very easily, father. By speaking favorably of me to this young lady's parents.

Mr. D. What, Dora! Lucy has told me all about it.

Col. Has she? Then how can I return the service she rendered me?

Lucy. By speaking favorably of me to this young lady's parent. (*points to herself*)

Mr. D. Oh, about Bertie?

Col. Yes, of course. You see Lucy has seen him, and he has seen Lucy ; to be sure, they have neither seen anybody else, and *that* may account for it.

Mr. D. We'll see about it some years hence.

Col. Yes, some years hence; eighteen or twenty.

Ber. Eighteen or twenty! Don't keep us so long, Mr. Dorrison, for I know nothing will cure me of the habit of hurting myself except getting married.

Col. He considers marriage a cure for sprains.

Mr. D. But at your age! Do you think you are in earnest?

Col. Oh, very much in earnest. He is just the age to be in earnest—for a short time.

Ber. I love Lucy till I'm black and blue.

Col. Lucy, you will marry a small walking rainbow.

Mr. D. (*to* COLONEL) And you're sure you won't regret Mrs. Pinchbeck? (BERTIE *goes up with* LUCY, *who sits at piano*)

Col. No, only her misfortunes.

Mr. D. Nor her brother? (*smiling*)

Col. That's her greatest misfortune; but happiness does not consist in brothers.

Mr. D. In what then?

Col. In sisters, wives, and mothers, but not in step-mothers.

Mr. D. But, Alfred, I thought you considered marriage such a foolish thing.

Col. Very foolish for fathers, but an excellent thing for sons.

Mr. D. There seems to be a deal of love about us. (*sits*, R. C.)

Col. Yes, we're an affectionate family. (*all sit except* BERTIE)

Mr. D. And if all goes well when do you expect to marry?

Col. When? Immediately. (*to* DORA) With your kind permission.

Mr. D. And where do you intend to pass your honeymoon?

Dora. On the Atlantic?

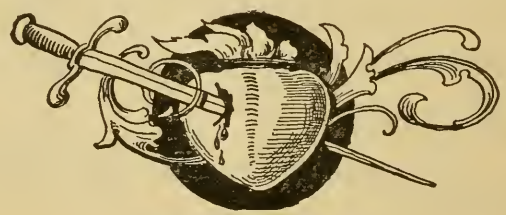
Col. No.

Dora. In what place, then?

Col. In what place? (LUCY *begins to play "Home, Sweet Home"*) Home! (*looking at picture, then at* DORA)

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.



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ACT II.—St. Clare's elegant home.—The fretful wife.—The arrival.—Little Eva.—Aunt Ophelia and Topsy—"O, Golly! I'se so wicked!"—St. Clare's opinion.—"Benighted innocence."—The stolen gloves.—Topsy in her glory.

ACT III.—The angel child.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's mischief.—Eva's request.—The promise.—pathetic scene.—Death of Eva.—St. Clare's grief.—"For thou art gone forever."

ACT IV.—The lonely house.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's keepsake.—Deacon Perry and Aunt Ophelia.—Cute on deck.—A distant relative.—The hungry visitor.—Chuck full of emptiness."—Cute and the Deacon.—A row.—A fight.—Topsy to the rescue.—St. Clare wounded.—Death of St. Clare.—"Eva—Eva—I am coming"

ACT V.—Legree's plantation on the Red River.—Home again.—Uncle Tom's noble heart.—"My soul ain't yours, Mas'r."—Legree's cruel work.—Legree and Cassy.—The white slave.—A frightened brute.—Legree's fear.—A life of sin.—Marks and Cute.—A new scheme.—The dreadful whipping of Uncle Tom.—Legree punished at last.—Death of Uncle Tom.—Eva in Heaven.

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ACT II.—Winter quarters.—Colonel Hastings and Sergeant Tim.—Moses.—A message.—Tim on his dignity.—The arrival.—Playing soldier.—The secret.—The promise.—Harry in danger.—Love and duty.—The promise kept.—"Saved, at the loss of my own honor!"

ACT III.—Drawing-room at Falconer's.—Reading the news.—"Apply to Judy!"—Louise's romance.—Important news.—Bertha's fears.—Leamington's arrival.—Drawing the web.—Threatened.—Plotting.—Harry and Bertha.—A fiendish lie.—Face to face.—"Do you know him?"—Denounced.—"Your life shall be the penalty!"—Startling tableau.

ACT IV.—At Uncle Toby's.—A wonderful climate.—An impudent rascal.—A bit of history.—Woman's wit.—Toby Indignant.—A quarrel.—Uncle Toby's evidence.—Leamington's last trump.—Good news.—Checkmated.—The telegram.—Breaking the web.—Sunshine at last.

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ACT II. SCENE AS BEFORE; time, night.—Dark clouds gathering.—Changing the jackets.—Father and son.—On duty.—A struggle for fortune.—Loved for himself.—The divided greenbacks.—The agreement.—An unhappy life.—The detective's mistake.—Arrested.—Mistaken identity.—The likeness again.—On the right track.—The accident.—"Will she be saved?"—Latour's bravery.—A noble sacrifice.—The secret meeting.—Another case of mistaken identity.—The murder.—"Who did it?"—The torn cuff.—"There stands the murderer!"—"'Tis false!"—The wrong man murdered.—Who was the victim?—TABLEAU.

ACT III. TWO DAYS LATER.—Plot and counterplot.—Gentleman and convict.—The price of her life.—Some new documents.—The divided banknotes.—Sunshine through the clouds.—Prepared for a watery grave.—Deadly peril.—Father and daughter.—The rising tide.—A life for a signature.—True unto death.—Saved.—The mystery solved.—Dénouement.—TABLEAU.

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